

the grounds had the appearance of a gala day, for all the club-members and their friends were assembled, waiting.

"Well, how do you like him?" queried the second vice-president, of the president, anxiously, while the secretary was piloting Daniel around and introducing him right and left.

"He's a queer fellow," responded President Casper, with puzzled brows. "I asked him what, in his opinion, was the best ball on the market, and he said the Scotch 'I' ball! Did you ever hear of that brand? I've made a note of it. I asked him if he had one with him, and he said no, that he had one just before leaving, but he could make one mighty quick if the stuff was handy. I knew these professionals made clubs, but I didn't know they made balls, too. And then, he called my clubs sticks—but I suppose these experts feel entitled to a latitude of expression. And when I asked him what he thought of the baffly spoon he said he preferred the—the—wait a moment—the jigger-jag! I think I have the name right. I told him I guessed we were a good deal behind the times, but—"

"Did you ask him about halving that match, the other day?" inquired the second vice-president.

"Well, yes; I believe I did," answered the president. "And he muttered something to the effect that he wasn't very strong on halving matches, but he'd match a half any time. In fact, he was rather reticent."

"Modest, no doubt," commented the second vice-president. "I presume he's Scotch, and these Scotchmen are not much on the talk, I understand. But come on. He's going to tee off, and we mustn't miss anything."

Daniel, David's loose clothes fitting him very well, indeed, was standing beside the initial sand-box, in the forefront of a half-circle of people watching him intently. A caddie was proudly holding his bag.

"Mr. Brole, do tell us how do you want your tee?" implored Mrs. Stout—not named in vain—fluttering up to him with all the grace of a motherly hen, her short skirt adding force to the simile.

"Thank you, but I never drink it at all," assured Daniel. "Or coffee either."

"Oh, you droll man!" rebuked Mrs. Stout, coquettishly, while the half-circle laughed heartily, as in duty bound, and the editor of the "Rosevale Tri-Weekly Trumpet" feverishly jotted the whole conversation in his note-book.

"You know what I mean—do you prefer a low tee or a high tee?" continued Mrs. Stout.

"If it's price you're getting at, seems to me tea and everything else is plenty high enough, even when it's low," blurted Daniel. "I don't know how much you folks pay, but, by George!"

"You're incorrigible!" scolded Mrs. Stout, gaily, while the "Tri-Weekly Trumpet" pencil fairly flew. "Go ahead, Sammie; and if Mr. Brole doesn't like it, he will say so."

With fingers that trembled the caddie carefully molded a tee from moist sand, and having balanced a ball on its apex fearfully scrambled back a few feet, that his handiwork might be inspected.

"Does the tee suit you?" inquired Mrs. Stout. "Please be perfectly frank. That's the way we make them, but we're here to learn, you know."

"You call that thing a T do you?" demanded Daniel. "Well, maybe it is, but I wouldn't call it a dot over an I. Put about ten more stories on it, boy. That's the proper caper. Now there's something to hit at. Give me a stick."

"There! I knew we were using tees altogether too low!"

"So glad to have been shown different!"

"What did I tell you?"

Thus flew the whispered comments through the spectators, as they gazed upon Daniel's mountain.

"As I understand it, I'm to whack the ball over that red flag yonder," said Daniel. "Well, I can do it all right enough, if ever I hit the thing on the nose once."

He spit on his hands, contemptuously shook the driver that the caddie had passed to him, and advanced upon the ball.

"How delightfully unconventional his language is!"

"So thoroughly unaffected!"

"Watch his stance."

"Are you taking it all in, Tom? He's the real thing, eh?"

"Do look at him!"

"Sh! He's wagging!"

The crowd murmured, and was silent as Daniel planted himself over the waiting ball. The editor of the "Rosevale Tri-Weekly Trumpet" forebore to scribble, and stared with bulging eyes.

"Whish!"

The head of the club flashed down, and up on the other side, but the ball remained undisturbed.

"One for the money, two for the show, three to make ready, and four to go!" quoth Daniel calmly. "Hit a little outside of it, that time."

"You see why he waggles," whispered somebody.

"It's to get the distance."

Daniel readjusted himself, and again he swung. "Spat!"

The ball now had settled tranquilly to earth, with the sand which had supported it in air miraculously cut from beneath it.

"Too low," observed Daniel. "Make another T, boy. By George, I'm going to hit that thing even if I have to use a 'd' and an 'a' and an 'm' and an 'n,' and the whole alphabet besides!"

"This is three," declared Daniel grimly, when the caddie had upbuilt another gigantic tee.

"Do you always waggle three times?" inquired Mrs. Stout, eagerly.

"Just as it happens," grunted Daniel, in the midst of his stroke.

With a distinct jar the driver came to hard earth at least half a foot behind the tee, and the head snapped off short.

Daniel flung the shaft aside.

"Give me another stick, boy!" he ordered angrily. "Get a move on you!"

"Brassie?" asked the caddie.

"Oh, anything that's strong and hefty," bade Daniel. "Might as well use a toothpick as that other switch!"

"Please take my driver," proffered a spectator.

"Or mine," spoke numerous other voices.

"Naw!" snarled Daniel. "Keep your sticks. This is good enough, till I bust it; and there are sixteen others in the sack."

"He is used to his own clubs, of course," whispered somebody, a little mystified, and seeking an explanation of the professional's apparently erratic conduct.

"Of course!" replied a neighbor.

"Now it's four," stated Daniel. "Get out of the way, folks! I'm done fooling!"

"Fore! He says 'Fore!'" cried the excited spectators, widening the half-circle, at Daniel's direction.

Daniel strode back about three paces.

"He's waggled until he's sure of himself," whispered Mrs. Stout, to an ignorant friend. "Isn't it wonderful, how he knew just where his club went, each time, and yet he was careful never to touch the ball?"

"Wonderful!" agreed the friend.

"He's left his stance," commented the second vice-president.

"Sh!" bade President Casper. "I suppose that's done to relieve his nerves."

Amid a dead silence, with a curious little hitching run Daniel descended upon the ball, and as he reached it he smote.

"Clack!"

Carrening high through the atmosphere the ball flew down the course, and with a tremendous out-curve disappeared in the far distance, around the flank of a hill. A chorus of "Ah's!" followed it.

Psalm of the Golfer

By S. E. RISER

Tell us not in jesting measures
Golf is but a foolish fad;
It's the chiefest of earth's pleasures—
He that rails at golf is mad.

Golf is glorious, golf is royal,
Yet in getting to the hole
Pits and bunkers oft destroy all
Of the goodness in your soul.

Grass that's long may be enticing
To the zipping, skipping ball;
Drives are often spoiled by slicing,
Strength of muscle is not all.

On the bunkered links we battle,
Making strokes that bring dismay,
Often using language that'll
Be recalled on judgment day.

Trust no brassie when the loftier
Is the thing to be employed;
Men say words that might be softer,
When their chances are destroyed.

Lives of golfers all remind us
Leaving divots is a crime;
Though blue streaks spread out behind us,
Let's put back the sod each time.

Leave no hole to spoil some other
Player's lovely brassie shot,
Lest he lose his soul, O, brother!
Through the damage you have wrought.

Let us then be up and driving,
Lofting, putting, shouting "Fore!"
Ever straining, ever striving,
To achieve the colonel's score.

"There!" exclaimed Daniel, satisfied, wiping his brow. "I think I put that ball out of business. Square on the nose, wasn't it?" he appealed, to the spectators.

"It would seem so," responded the second vice-president, reflectively. "He means, you know," explained the gentleman, to his wife, "that it was struck with the nose of his club, and that's why it curved so."

"Hooked it," asserted the president.

"Hooked it!" repeated Daniel, catching the word. "You bet it 'hooked it.' Went so fast that you could see the hole it made through the air. Come back, boys. No use chasing after it. 'Tisn't worth picking up. It's spoiled, that ball is!"

"I presume you get momentum by the preliminary run," remarked the president; and the others crowded closer to hear the master's reply.

"You bet!" said Daniel. "Did you ever see anybody knock a ball like that before? I guess not! It would take you golf dubs six whacks and a derrick to put a ball where that one went!"

"Exactly," murmured the president, pondering.

"Huh!" glorified Daniel, struggling aimlessly about. "I should say so! Now what else can I do for you?"

"We'd like to have you walk over the course, if you will," suggested the president.

"Certainly," responded Daniel. "But it's no use looking for that ball. It won't light today."

Very chesty, he strolled forward with the president. The crowd followed at a respectful distance. Every moment or so somebody would detach himself or herself from it, and would make a little hitching run, club in hand, upon a clover-head.

The Brole running stance evidently had caught the popular favor.

Three urchins were scuffling for possession of the broken Brole driver.

Over the distant hill were scampering a bevy on breathless quest of the ball.

Rarely had a man achieved so instantaneous success. Uplifted by the homage accorded him, Daniel stalked grandly on, his confidence never failing him. Golfers one and all filled him with supreme disdain, and now more than ever.

When he paused, the crowd paused, expecting him to do something. When he spoke, the editor of the "Rosevale Tri-Weekly Trumpet" wrote vigorously, expecting him to say something.

He swelled majestically.

"And what would you consider, from your own experience, the best green?" asked the president, solemnly.

"The long green. The long green, by all means, old chap," assured Daniel.

"We must let ours grow, then," murmured the secretary to the second vice-president.

"Oh, Mr. Brole," pleaded Mrs. Stout, scuttling to him, "when a person lays a stymie, what is the thing to do?"

"It's a case for the undertaker, I should guess, ma'am," answered Daniel.

"Mr. Brole says that when a stymie is laid one might as well give up," reported Mrs. Stout to her friends.

"I would so like to see you putt!" chirped Miss Brocker, tripping by Daniel's side.

"If you want to see me 'put,' you just tell me where I can find a Scotch high-ball," proffered Daniel, with a wink.

"He says if he only had a certain Scotch make of ball he would do some putting for us," whispered Miss Brocker, plaintively, rejoining her associates.

"You really must go back tonight, then?" asked the president, as the party made their way to the club-house, where a bit of supper was to be served.

"Yes," responded Daniel. "I have a knitting engagement tomorrow, and I mustn't tire myself out."

"Of course, a man must tend to his knitting," observed the president. "We should like to keep you longer, but your little stop-over has been of inestimable benefit to us."

"We have learned so much!" bubbled Mrs. Stout. "Don't mention it. Glad of it!" returned Daniel, grandly.

"If ever you want me to show you how to play the game some more, let me know."

The president drove him to the station, where quite a delegation gathered to see him off.

"When you find that ball, if it doesn't look like a doughnut with a hole in it you just wire me, and I'll come down and hit it again," called Daniel, cheerily, as the train bore him away.

"Remarkable man!" asserted the president.

"A magnificent exponent of the game!" responded the second vice-president.

"So frank and direct!" declared Mrs. Stout. "And such a wit!"

The train faded into the dusk. The wonderful professional had come and gone. But the impress of his visit remained, and today Rosevale golf is unique by its little running stance, its mountainous tees, its long, heavy greens, and were it not for the continued absence of the Scotch "I" ball, the players would be perfectly content.